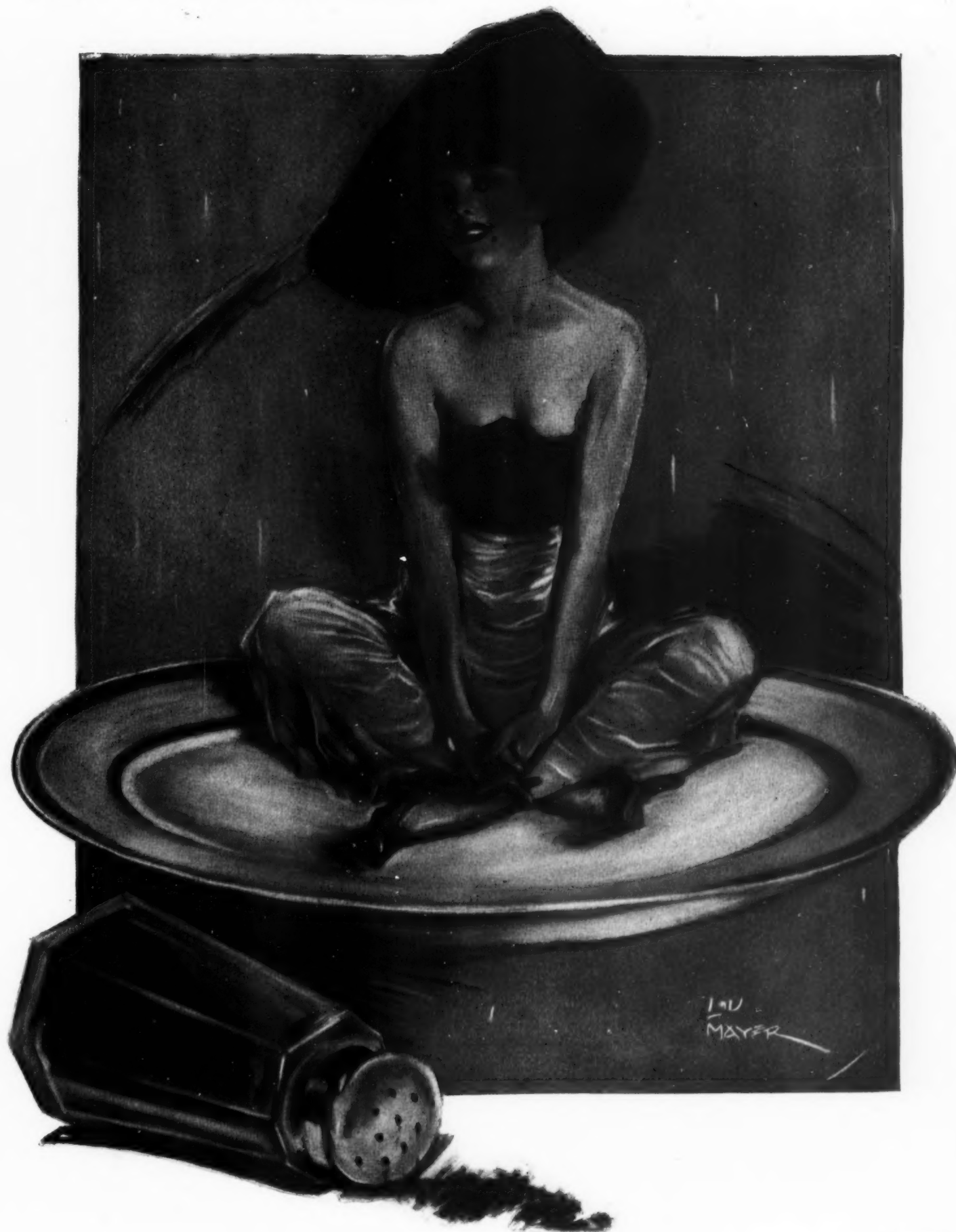


Suck

WEEK ENDING APRIL 24, 1915
PRICE TEN CENTS



LOTS OF PEP

PAINTED BY LOU MAYER



THE WHITE

—the car which makes made-to-order bodies unnecessary

In all the years of motoring nothing ever awakened such a volume of pleased approval as the latest White.

The distinction, the quiet refinement accomplished in the center cowl, which absorbs the always awkward back of the front seat into a line of beauty—a "ripple in the streamline"—naturally received the most comment at first.

But now it is realized that the latest White removes all further need of specifying a custom-made body. The White was designed in recognition of the artistic desires of car users, and by its very beauty and exclusiveness it at once established the correct mode.

White leadership is a principle

It is natural that the established sterling worth of White Motor Cars from the engineering and mechanical standpoint should thus be matched by the incomparable beauty and luxury of the finally-perfect streamline body designs.

Grace of appearance is equaled by grace of performance—The White engine and mechanical features operating so harmoniously that the gentlest movement or the swiftest speed answer the will of the driver quietly and surely.

THE WHITE AGENCY NEAREST YOU WILL ARRANGE FOR YOUR DEMONSTRATION, OR IF YOU WRITE US WE WILL BE GLAD TO MAKE THE ARRANGEMENT FOR YOU.

THE WHITE COMPANY, Cleveland
Manufacturers of Gasoline Motor Cars, Motor Trucks and Taxicabs

Exhibiting at Transportation Building, Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco





Your Talent Developed
by the ZIM Correspondence School of Cartooning, Comic Art and Caricature. For information, send 4c. in stamps.
Dept. W., HORSEHEADS, N.Y.

CANOE BOOK FREE

Canoing makes you "hungry as a bear"—puts color in your cheeks, sparkle in your eyes, strength in your body. Book tells about paddling, sailing and motoring in a Kennebec. Describes perfect style, great speed, strength, lightness. Write now.
KENNEBEC
KENNEBEC CANOE CO.
87 N. H. Square
Waterville, Me.

Boston Garter

"Everybody in the world wears 'em"

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

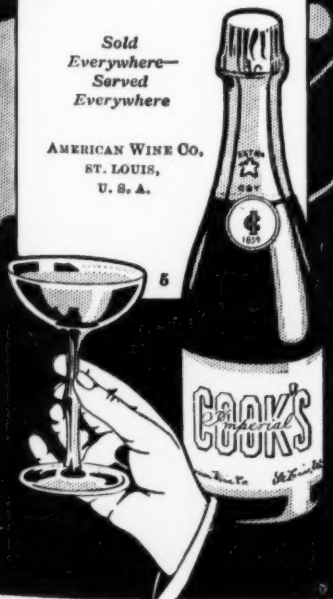
Silk 50¢
Lisle 25¢

GEORGE FROST CO., BOSTON

Honestly—have you ever, not just to be drinking Champagne but as a real connoisseur, inhaled the bouquet of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry, smacked your lips over a sip of it, reflected its sparkle in your eyes? Drink Cook's critically—that's the way to get the fullest enjoyment out of it.

Sold
Everywhere—
Served
Everywhere

AMERICAN WINE CO.,
ST. LOUIS,
U. S. A.



Established 1877

Puck



Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-Class Mail Matter

The Fare Set Forth in Next Week's PUCK

First and foremost is a rattling good story by Ellis Parker Butler, the man who wrote "Pigs is Pigs." Mr. Butler calls his story "The Earning Point," and it is by far the best travesty on the modern sex novel that we've had the pleasure of reading. Occupying the double page is the first of Hy Mayer's impressions from the West. Raymond C. Ewer, Puck's "wandering artist," is represented with a page of sketches 'round about New York. Order next week's issue to-day from your newsdealer.

A Word to Our Advertisers

It will interest our advertisers, as well as our readers, to know that Puck's circulation has increased since January 1, 1914, just five-fold. In this period we have devoted our entire energy to building up circulation—high-grade circulation at ten cents a copy over the news-stand, without premiums, installment-payment plans or other catch-penny schemes. This growth in clean, honest, sold-on-its-merit circulation is a record, we are told, almost without precedent.

During the last eighteen months we have paid but little attention to getting advertising. In the future we shall gradually, as our circulation continues to grow of its own accord, sell somewhat more of PUCK space to reliable, investigated advertisers. Whatever advertisers have appeared in PUCK's columns, whatever advertisers will appear in Puck's columns, will be only reliable, honest, trustworthy houses whose every statement can be verified. We have accepted advertisements of no other class; we shall accept advertisements of no other class. It is extremely unlikely that you will ever be dissatisfied with a purchase made from an advertiser in PUCK, but should you be, we would consider it as a special favor to have the matter called to our attention, for we shall spare no pains to see that the matter is adjusted to your entire satisfaction.

Puck is not the best paper of its class in America; it is the *only* paper of its class in America. As such, it is bound to attract an ever-increasing number of advertisers, and we want our readers to know that now and always only those advertisers will gain admission to our columns who have proved their entire reliability, and merit perfect confidence.

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Published Every Monday (dated the following Saturday)

PUCK PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 295-309 LAFAYETTE ST., NEW YORK

Editor, A. H. FOLWELL General Manager, FOSTER GILROY Contributing Editor, HY MAYER

Note: Puck is mailed to subscribers at \$5.00 per year, or \$2.50 for six months. Canadian subscriptions, \$6.00 per year, \$3.00 for six months; Foreign, \$6.50 per year, \$3.25 for six months. All communications should be addressed to the Puck Publishing Corporation. Puck will use its best care with MSS., but cannot be held responsible for their loss. MSS. sent in by mail should be accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope or wrapper, otherwise they cannot be returned. Puck's contents are fully protected by copyright and must not be reprinted without permission. Puck is on sale in Europe at the various branches of the International News Co., and the Atlas Publishing and Distributing Co.; Brentano's, Paris; Wm. Dawson & Sons and W. H. Smith & Sons, London; Hachette et Cie, Paris, and Basle, Lausanne and Geneva, Switzerland.

"MILEAGE!"

Motorists
gladly pay
the prices

IT'S THE LONG MILEAGE in LEE Pneumatic Tires that makes them worth the higher prices cheerfully paid for them—the mileage and the guaranteed freedom from Puncture and Blow-out. Details of splendid materials and costly hand workmanship in new literature.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET "12"

LEE Tires
PNEUMATIC NON-SKID PUNCTURE-PROOF

**GUARANTEED
Puncture-Proof**



Zig-Zag
Tread

LEE TIRE & RUBBER CO.
Manufacturers of Rubber Goods since 1883
CONSHOHOCKEN, PENNA.

Distributors in all Principal Cities

Look up "Lee Tires" in
your 'Phone Directory



Born 1820
—Still going strong.



Nervous Gentleman: "ONE TAKES A LOT OF RISKS WHEN TRAVELLING NOWADAYS."

Experienced Traveller: "OF COURSE, THERE ALWAYS WILL BE RISKS, BUT THEY HAVE BEEN ENORMOUSLY REDUCED BY THAT 'JOHNNIE WALKER' NON-REFILLABLE BOTTLE."

This wonderful tamper-proof bottle ensures that what is poured out is what the distillers put in. The excellence of "Johnnie Walker" Red Label whisky requires the protection which this non-refillable bottle gives.

Fully convinced that the without-a-rival quality of "Johnnie Walker" only requires to be more widely known to be more widely appreciated, we shall continue to anticipate big increases sufficiently ahead to always ensure Red Label to be over 10 years old.

GUARANTEED SAME QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Agents:—WILLIAMS & HUMBERT, 1158 Broadway, NEW YORK.

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK.

Ruck

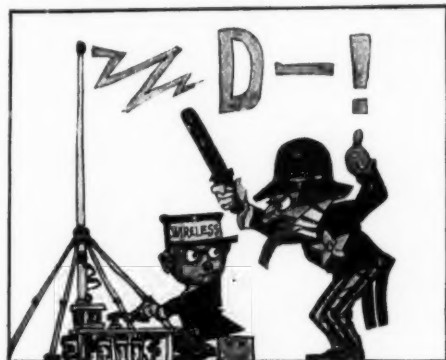


THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by DANA BURNET

Illustrations by MERLE JOHNSON

John D. endeared himself to all
This broad impulsive nation,
By furnishing a ball park to
The folk of his plantation.
The Weather Person deftly canned
The last remaining raw gust;
The Wall Street ring
Is wagering
That war will end by August.



A lad was tendered ninety days
For blowing up a rabbit—
He ought to move to northern France
Where slaughter is the habit.
Two thousand pounds per warble-fest
Was thrust upon Caruso;
Lloyd George said: "I
Will have things dry
As soon as I can do so!"

A tramp who had a bar of soap
Without the law's permission,
Was taken to the station house
And jailed upon suspicion.
You cannot cuss by wireless now
No matter how you long to—
The Government
Informed a gent
That it was really wrong to.

Cornell, observed its President,
Is shimmeringly moral;
There seems to be a discord in
Sir Whitman's up-state choral.
A cop on beat who kissed a neat
Young colleen was suspended;
Spring fever's crimp
Has left us limp,
And China can't be mended

The subway excavators found
Some ancient battle plunder—
If they had found a seat, say we,
'Twould be a greater wonder.
A Chinese typewriter, the first,
Has lately been perfected—
Our laundry bills
Will now have frills,
And Root may be selected.

Dutch pelicans are being trained
To fight the hostile rover;
The British dames forswore their tea
Until the strife was over.
The Germans, in their cultured way,
Sank several unarmed steamers;
The Bosphorus
Is in a muse,
And Teddy waved his streamers.



An orchestra was introduced
On Ellis Island station,
To teach the bashful immigrants
The latest hesitation.
A learned lady, just turned twelve,
Speaks perfect Esperanto;
The Baseball Germ
Is on the squirm,
And thus we can our canto.





GRINIGRAMS

AMERICA

My Country, 'tis of thee,
Land of Neutrality,
Of thee I sing;
Land where sans strife we dwell,
Land famed for "War is Hell,"
From ev'ry chapel bell
Let Peace notes ring.

My neutral country, thee,
(Who said hypocrisy?)
Thy name I love;
I love thy powder mills,
Whence comes the stuff that kills;
My heart with (laughter) thrills
Like that above.

Let Europe come and buy,
Let orders multiply—
O, blessed boon!
We "pray" the war may cease,
(That's just our frontispiece)
Grant, Lord, the world's release,
But not too soon.

Our Father's God, to Thee,
(Old-fashioned Deity)
To Thee we sing;
Oh, yes, we chant Thy praise,
(Thou knowst our Sabbath ways)
But on all other days
Big Biz is King.

Dealers in flim-flam securities are strong for the Twilight Sleep. "There is one born every minute," according to the best authorities, but under the benign influence of the T. S. they might come along with even greater frequency.

King George's offer to renounce liquor of all kinds has brought forth a chorus of admiration. —London cable.
"Let George do it," by all means.

Frederick D. Underwood has been operated on for appendicitis. However, it is nothing new for Erie to be "under the knife."

"The Germans in their pensive moments wonder where the \$250,000,000 a year to pay the interest on the war loans is going to come from." —A Berlin interview.

What is posterity for? Are there not little babes in the cradle? And will they not grow up and have children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren?

The reason, it seems, why George W. Perkins wouldn't be angel for the Camp Fire Girls was because they declined to change their organization name to the Bluebirds. Cheer up, George. Bluebirds will be a corking good name for the Bull Moose Party.

The superintendent of Pittsburg's police declares that music will "convert the crook and calm the jag." The celebrated harp of the late Mr. Orpheus seems to have turned up in Pittsburg.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF



PROTEST AGAINST RAILROADS, 1828



PROTEST AGAINST WOMAN SUFFRAGE, 1915

Certain railroads and traction companies are alarmed at the spread of the Jitney Bus idea. Quite a few railroads in this country have been "jitneybused" by high finance. Jitneybusted, as it were.

"Peremysl is the story of an impregnable fortress two or three times overgarrisoned with patient, haggard soldiers starving in the trenches, and sleek, faultlessly-dressed officers living on the fat of the land in fashionable hotels and restaurants." —An eye-witness.

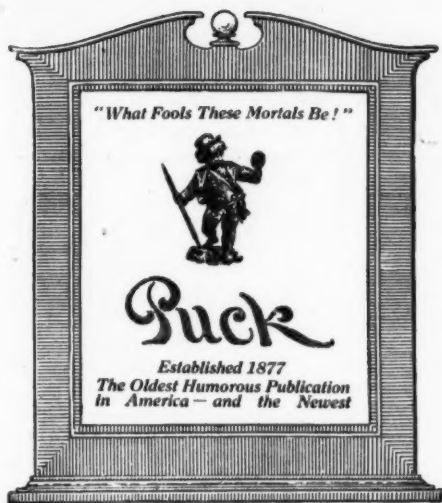
The man who wrote this is evidently "a dangerous demagogue." Likewise, "a stirrer-up of class-hatred." We do not believe he could be trusted to write a Republican platform.

"What an enchanted realm," says Mme. Bernhardt, "the war is opening to the poets." Families which have lost their bread-winner may think of this, and be happy.

The Central Park cat which walked into a lion's cage in quest of a piece of meat is wasting his time about a zoo. He should be out selling mining stock.

Straw flour is Germany's newest food material. Quoth the German press bureau: "Straw contains four times as much albumen, and from four to five times as much fat as the potato." If you have an old straw mattress in the house, don't throw it away. Eat it, and be strong.

The spirit of sacrifice is contagious. While thousands of his countrymen are giving up life and limb, the King of England is giving up champagne and burgundy. This makes him almost as prominent as when he just missed—by about six hours—being hit by a German bomb.



VOL. LXXVII. No. 1990. WEEK ENDING APRIL 24, 1915

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

There appeared in the daily papers of several large cities, including New York, last week, a page of advertising with the above heading. It was a page of earnest, sincere appeal to the American people, beginning:

"We, the publishers of the undersigned newspapers, authorize an appeal to the American people, industries and workmen, not to manufacture, sell, or ship powder, shrapnel, or shot of any kind or description to any of the warring nations of Europe or Japan."

The appeal was signed by four hundred publishers and editors of foreign newspapers published in the United States, newspapers published in Italian, Lithuanian, Yiddish, Swedish, Croatian, and other languages, the very existence of which in the United States many of us are in ignorance. All of the signers belong to the much-abused class of "hyphenated-Americans," to the class of so-called "undesirable immigrants," to the class which many of our worthy legislators think we should exclude from our shores.

The appeal was of peculiar interest to PUCK, inasmuch as it was just in line with an editorial in PUCK dated February 13th. Then we said in part:

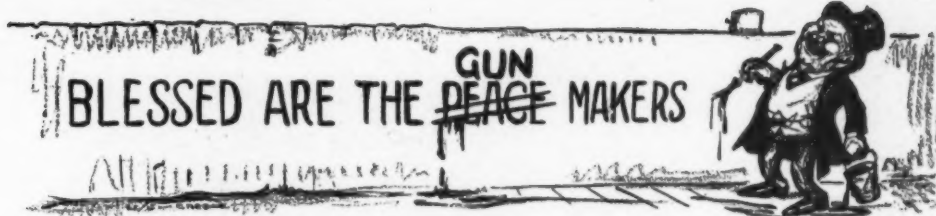
"PRAYING VERSUS SELLING"

"If we mean anything when we say that we are working for Peace, when we say that we are praying for Peace, then we should at least show our good faith by not exporting materials intended openly for killing human beings and prolonging war."

It is good to see this policy now being taken up by part of the country's press. But why is it that this appeal has not been directly and emphatically voiced by the real American press, by the representative newspapers of the United States? Why must we wait for foreigners, publishing more or less unknown foreign papers, to point the way to a sincere effort for peace? Are the American newspapers too much afraid of their pocketbooks to take up an appeal of this sort? What have our many opponents of immigration to say to this thoroughly American appeal? What answer have they to make to this vindication of the whole-hearted Americanism of the immigrant, even of the immigrant who has not yet learned to speak the language of his new country? When will our large daily press have sufficient humanity and unselfishness to give their support to a movement so important?

These are questions in which the American people, to whom the patriotic appeal is addressed, are interested. They are questions to which a fair-minded, neutral world is daily put with regard to the American policy.

Puck



WHELAN MISSES OPPORTUNITY

The man who built up the United Cigar Stores retired the other day. His name is George J. Whelan; while no statement is made of his wealth, it doubtless runs well up into seven figures.

Like all rich men, Mr. Whelan made a statement when he gave up the reins of active business. But, unlike all other rich men, Mr. Whelan substituted horse-sense for hot-air when he gave out his interview.

"This company," he said, "was built up by the men in it, not by me. I get the credit for it, but I didn't do it. Practically everything in the company—even the auditing system—was invented by somebody else. I simply let them go ahead and do it. No man is great. There are no great men and there are few fools. Opportunity is the thing that counts."

This statement is distinctly disappointing. Mr. Whelan utterly neglected to tell young men that honesty is the best policy, and that no young man should associate regularly with evil com-

panions. He failed to describe the terrible battle he waged against the wicked wives of a great city. He didn't even caution them against spending their twelve dollars a week in riotous living. Worst of all, he never even mentioned the fact that virtue is ever rewarded.

Mr. Whelan seems to be too blamed human to be trusted with so much money.

"Nearly all soldiers who become insane in war-time are already mentally ill when enrolled."—A medical expert.

The thought of leaving home, family, and occupation for the privilege of dying in a needless war might, it is true, in some weak natures, induce a mental depression. Odd we never thought of it before.

After Billy Sunday has "cleaned up" Paterson, he might turn his attention to that cesspool of iniquity, the Passaic River.



"SIX DAYS SHALT THOU LABOR"

PEACE: Can't you do anything for me, sir?

DEALER IN WAR SUPPLIES: Sure I can; come around on Sunday, and I will pray for you.



TRAINING DAUGHTER

THE DAUGHTER: —and you can put that in your pipe and smoke it!
THE MOTHER: That is a shocking vulgarity you have just used and if I ever hear it from you again I shall cut off your allowance. Now you can roll that in a cigarette and smoke it!

On the Other Hand —

By SIMEON STRUNSKY

The Ironing-out process in the Republican and Progressive laundries has been carried to a point where PUCK is in a position to give to the public the main outlines of the platform that will eliminate Woodrow Wilson from public life:

The Reprogrublican party assembled in national convention by its representatives, i.e., T. Roosevelt, W. Barnes, E. Root, H. Johnson, B. Penrose, W. Flynn, G. Perkins, G. Pinchot, and others, do adopt the following patriotic and composite platform and bill of indictment not so much against the Democratic party as against the Hon. Woodrow Wilson, the only Democrat who stands the ghost of a chance. In token of our devotion to the principles hereafter enunciated we have not only subscribed our names jointly at the bottom of the paper but severally after every sentiment which the said signatory has closest to heart. All mental reservations will be published in a separate pamphlet to be issued after the November elections.

THE WAR IN EUROPE

In his management of our foreign relations arising out of the catastrophe which has overwhelmed European civilization, Mr. Wilson has been guided by a pusillanimous fear of allowing

said catastrophe to extend to our own shores (Roosevelt). He has allowed mere regard for international propriety to stand in the way of the slaughter of the Belgians (Pinchot), has acquiesced in the violation of international law by Great Britain (Penrose), has truckled to Germany (H. Johnson), has permitted the army and navy to deteriorate to a point where we stand helpless before any first-class Power, and has hesitated to challenge the world in defence of the right of nations (Roosevelt).

CORPORATIONS AND LABOR

He has undermined the economic life of the nation by vexatious laws against business (Perkins), has put a stop to the economic reconstruction of the country by emasculating the laws for the regulation of business corporations as enacted between 1901 and 1909 and left somewhat incomplete (Roosevelt), has permitted the exploitation of the workers by the Rockefellers in Colorado (Pinchot), has assailed the just profits of the manufacturer (Penrose and Flynn), has in every way betrayed an inclination to put the dollar above the man (Roosevelt) and has shown not the least inclination to make head against wanton assaults upon the rights of property (Barnes). He has failed to recognize that before our business system can be readjusted there must be a readjustment in the attitude of men's minds towards business, that the problem, in

other words, is not an economic one but a psychological problem (Roosevelt), and he has attempted to explain away the depressed condition of industry in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, by the specious plea that it is a psychological condition which confronts us (Penrose).

MEXICO

He has pursued the unmanly policy of peace south of the Rio Grande. He has obviously studied to wrong purpose the powerful anti-war cartoons in Mr. Hearst's papers, declining to see that there is all the difference in the world between starving widows and maimed orphans in Belgium and in Mexico. He has permitted the spoliation of a billion dollars' worth of American property, when he might have prevented the same by the expenditure of five billion dollars on a joint military and naval expedition.

THE COURTS

Oblivious to the imperative demands of social justice he has displayed a callous indifference to the action of our judiciary in nullifying protective legislation for the worker (Roosevelt and Pinchot), and has made no serious endeavor to check the dangerous popular agitation which would substitute the passions of the crowd for the mandates of the Constitution as interpreted by judges trained in the law (Root and Barnes).

CONSERVATION

Under the administration of Woodrow Wilson the interests have been permitted to fasten their grip upon the enormous wealth contained in the undeveloped resources of our forests and streams (Pinchot and Roosevelt), and the development of the West has been retarded by the foolish policy of keeping water-power and timber lands under Federal control instead of handing these over to the separate States that need them most and are best prepared to promote their development for the general welfare (Borah).

THE COST OF LIVING

Prices under the administration of Woodrow Wilson have reached a high level for which a parallel can be found only by going back half a century, a period, however, to which it would be best perhaps not to go back. Circumstances entirely beyond his control have blessed the farmer with crops that would do credit to any Republican administration; but the financial stringency which is directly to be traced to the

(Continued on page 23)



JUVENILE LOGIC

"Mama, do you wear your hair like mine 'cause you're in your second childhood?"

THE SOCIALISTIC SARDINE

It was noon-hour in the sardine cannery. Everywhere were sardines and tin cans. In one particular spot the sardines were especially numerous. They were holding an indignation meeting.

"Gentlemen," the Chair-sardine was saying, "this meeting was called at my suggestion. We are here to devise means of effective protest against the abominable crowding to which we are daily subjected."

The speaker's gills swelled with indignation. He was obviously in earnest. Thousands of fins flapped approval. He proceeded.

"Fellow-sardines!" he cried; "things in this cannery are going from bad to worse. What do they take us for, these giants who handle us? Every can of sardines that goes out of this place is overcrowded in the most indecent manner. It is the same in the non-rush hours as it is in the rush hours. There is no difference. They simply *will* not provide sufficient cans to accommodate us. What shall be done?"

"Complain to the Sardine Service Commission!" shouted several in the crowd.

"To what end?" queried the Chair-sardine, bitterly. "The Sardine Service Commission has been appealed to again and again without result. The members are owned body and soul by the cannery. Any scheme of reform which bids fair to be effective is immediately checked by the argument that it is confiscatory and socialistic. We have got to take matters into our own fins."

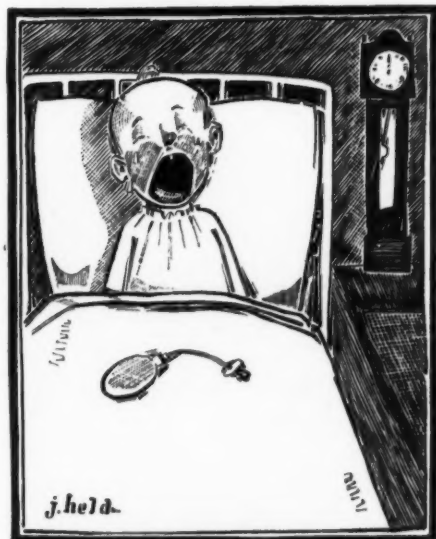
Here the Chair-sardine doused his head in a puddle of oil and became somewhat calmer.

"We must impress upon these cannery magistrates," he continued, "our determination to be heard and heeded. We must impress upon them in the strongest possible manner the fact that we are sardines, not human beings. This fact they persist in overlooking. Day after day, hour after hour, they crowd us into these cans as if we were New Yorkers in the Subway. We are packed in like spineless men and women. They tell us 'there is plenty of room in the front of the can,' but we know from bitter experience that there is not. A can is never sealed and sent on its way until every sardine in it is crushed; and, furthermore, it is useless to wait for the next can, as the next can, we know, will be just as outrageously crowded as the one before. Once and for all, this must stop. They may be able to put over this sort of treatment



CATCHLINES OF COMMERCE—I

"Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home?"



CONFIDENTIAL WARNING

After the Twilight Sleep, there comes the Midnight Wake

on men, women, and children, but they must be made to understand that with self-respecting sardines such treatment doesn't go."

A roaring noise here interrupted the speaker, and he turned pale about the gills. It was one o'clock. The cannery was resuming.

"Remember! Don't stay in a can unless you have plenty of fin-room," the Chair-sardine admonished them, but in the midst of his warning he was rudely seized by a pair of red hands and jammed most indecently into the nearest tin.

Sardines or people, it is all the same. Some day the people will own the Subway, and about the same time, we suspect, the sardines will own the cannery. Go to it.

CONTEMPT OF COURT

SUPREME COURT JUSTICE (in gymnasium): Fix me up in good shape, Donovan, I've got to address the lawyers' club this evening.

INSTRUCTOR (smilingly): Want to practice chinning the bar?

LAGGING BEHIND

"Aw, ours is a slow town," declared the citizen from Plunkville. "No chance for us to keep up with the march of progress."

"Why not?"

"Ain't enough bad children in our piffling burg to enable us to maintain a juvenile court."

HOW IT IS DONE

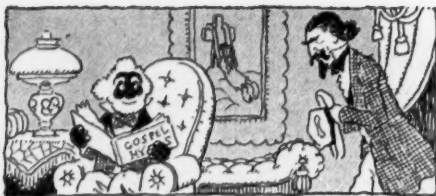
WILLIS: How is your son doing these days?

GILLIS: Fine! He goes over to Swampburg two evenings a week and pulls out one hundred and fifty dollars for teaching the new dances. Then, of course, he gets his one dollar and sixty-five cents every day from the Street Cleaning Department.



VERY BACKWARD

"Spring is awfully late. The leaves haven't even started to come out yet!"



UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

As Rewritten for Sensitive Southern Audiences

The avalanche of protests against the production in Atlanta by a stock company of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" today resulted in radical changes in the play, and in a change of name.

—Atlanta wire.

To attempt a revision of the whole acting play of Uncle Tom would be to undertake too lengthy a task. Beside, it would be quite unnecessary. A sample of setting and dialogue will serve to show the head of any stock company how and in what spirit the revision should be made, when the play is to be given south of Mason and Dixon's Line. As that sample, let us revise a little scene between Uncle Tom and Simon Legree. It is guaranteed not to offend the most sensitive Southern audience.

SCENE.— Guest room of the big house on Simon Legree's plantation. Time: Evening. Room is luxuriously furnished with easy chairs, couches, divans, etc. Windows at back let in the soft night breezes and the notes of a nightingale. Lighted lamp on center-table, at which sits Uncle Tom in dinner-jacket reading in book of hymns. Enter Simon Legree. He pauses in the door-way and regards Uncle Tom with an expression of great benevolence.



SIMON: What, Tom, my boy! Still up?

TOM: Yes, Massa Legree.

SIMON: You mustn't overtax your strength, my poor fellow. You have had a hard day in the cotton field, and it's almost nine o'clock.

TOM: I ain't tired, Massa Legree. I was jus' a-sittin' here pickin' out my evenin' hymn. Yo' ain't got no objections, has you Massa Legree?

SIMON: Objections? No, indeed, Tom. In fact, I've been thinking of getting you a phonograph—something that you could take out into the cotton field, and that would sing hymns to you while you worked. But, speaking of beds, Tom, how is this bed of yours? Till you came, this room hadn't been used since the Governor of Mississippi paid a visit to me. Is the bed comfortable?

TOM: Oh, yes, Massa.

SIMON: Pillows all right?

TOM: God bless yo', Massa; yes.

SIMON: Mattress ride easy?

TOM: Glory, yes, Massa Legree; jes' like a chariot of the Lord. (Enter a pair of June bugs which buzz abominably about the lighted lamp.)

SIMON: Ugh! Get out, you pests! There! I knew there was something else you needed here, Tom. You need some mosquito netting around your bed, my boy. I'll have it put up to-morrow. Or to-night, if you think you'll sleep more comfortably. To-morrow will do? Oh, very well.

Now, my boy, off with that dinner rig and into your silk pajamas. Hurry to bed, and I'll tuck you in and put out the light. (Uncle Tom drops his head on the table and starts sobbing.) What, Tom! Crying? What ails you, poor fellow? Aren't you happy here?



A SUBURBAN RUSE

"How do you persuade your cook to stay in the country?"
"Oh, every spring we import some sod from old Ireland."

TOM: Oh, yes, Massa Legree. I'se very happy. Yo's so kind to old Uncle Tom that he can't find words for to thank you. Dere's only one thing—just one—Massa Legree, I wishes I could get you to do. It ain't much, but, oh, Massa Legree, if I could only—

SIMON: Name it, Tom, name it. What is it? (Playfully patting his head.) A pianola or an automobile? Say the word, Tom, and—

TOM: No, Massa Legree. No, it ain't either of them. It's—oh, Massa Legree, I—

SIMON: Go on, Tom; out with it, old fellow.

TOM: Well, it's jus' this, Massa Legree. I want you to sit here evenin's an' sing hymns with me, jus' like lil Miss Eva used to do. (Simon Legree wipes away tears. Shivery music.)

SIMON: Do you mean it, Tom, my boy?

TOM: Mean it, Massa Legree? I mean it with my whole soul.

SIMON: I haven't much of a voice, Tom.

TOM: That don't make no difference, Massa Legree. De good folks in heaven ain't askin' what kind of a voice you has. Will you do it, Massa Legree?

SIMON: Yes, Tom, my boy. There's my hand on it. (Tom grasps his hand and kisses it.)

TOM: And—and shall we begin to-night? Now? Massa Legree?

SIMON: Yes, Tom, if you like. You pick out some good hymns in the book here, and I'll go down and fetch two bottles of grape juice and some sandwiches. (Exit Simon Legree.)

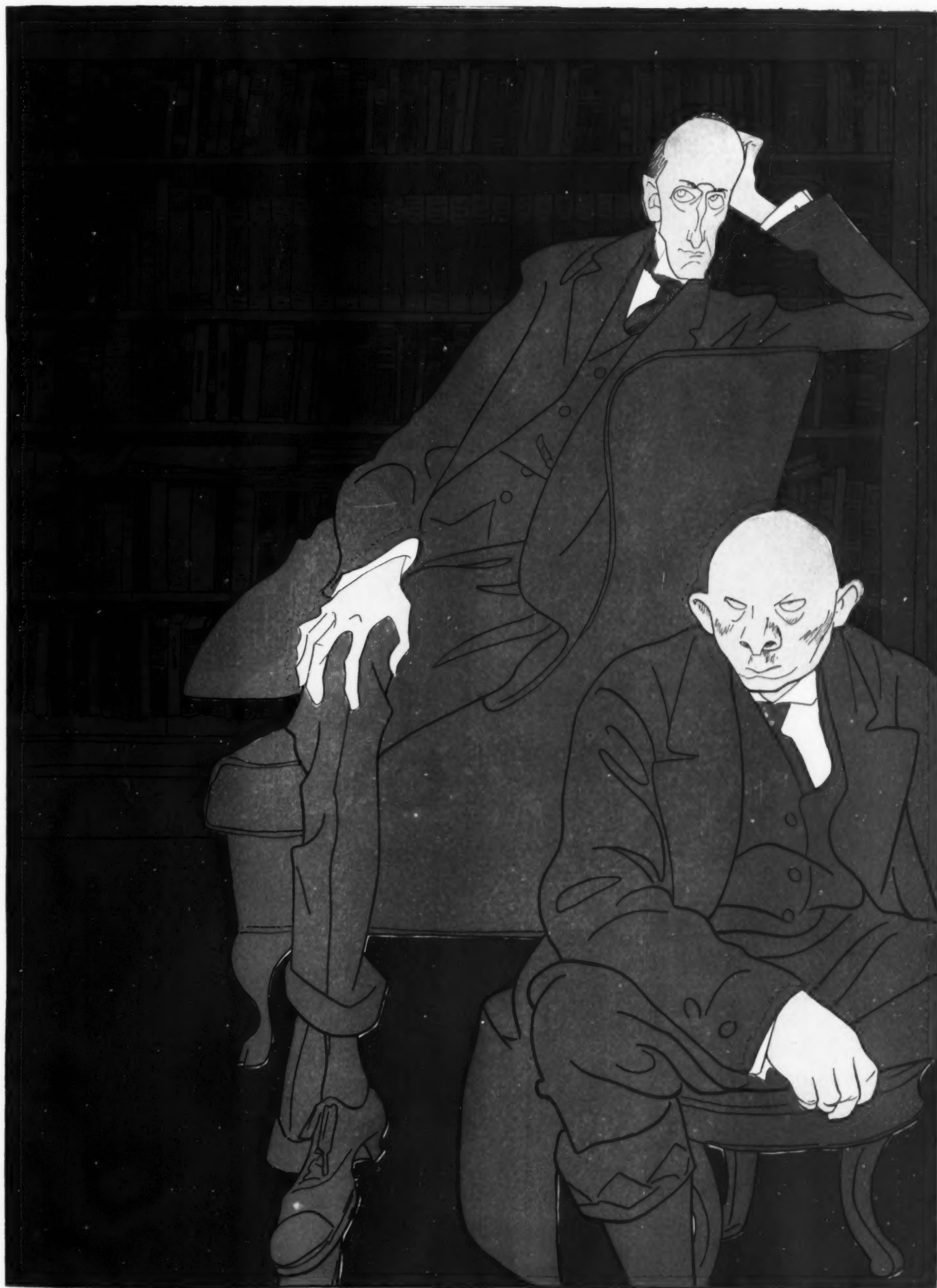
TOM: Praiser Lord! Praiser Lord! (Curtain down thirty seconds.)

TABLEAU

Curtain rises again, showing Uncle Tom and Simon Legree in center of spot-light circle, singing, "Every Day 'll be Sunday, By and By."

(Use All Exits)





DRAWN BY D. GUI BRANSSON
OF MUNICH

THE USES OF KULTUR

PROFESSOR RAUSMITTEM: So the Kaiser has decorated you? What for?
PROFESSOR LEBERWURST: One of our Zeppelins sank an English dreadnaught.
PROFESSOR RAUSMITTEM: But what did *you* have to do with it?
PROFESSOR LEBERWURST: It was one of my books that the Zeppelin dropped on it.

WHY NOT CONDUCT ALL CHURCH FUNCTIONS—



A WEDDING A LA SUNDAY

THE MINISTER: What miserable mutt giveth this skirt to be married to this gink?
THE BRIDE'S FATHER: I'm the guy.

CHRISTENING, SUNDAY STYLE

"What do you want to call this hunk of excess baggage, Bo?"



IN THE TEMPERAMENTAL CHOIR LOFT

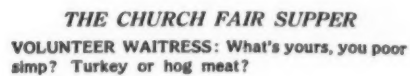
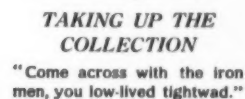
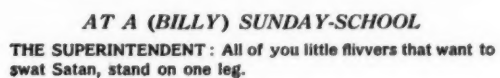
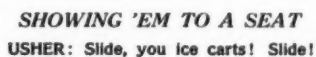
SOPRANO, ALTO, AND BASS (as tenor sings a solo): Cut it out (crash), you pinheaded peanut whistle!



AT THE KEYBOARD

CHURCH ORGANIST: If the pastor can go in for gymnastics, I guess I can.

j. held. 777



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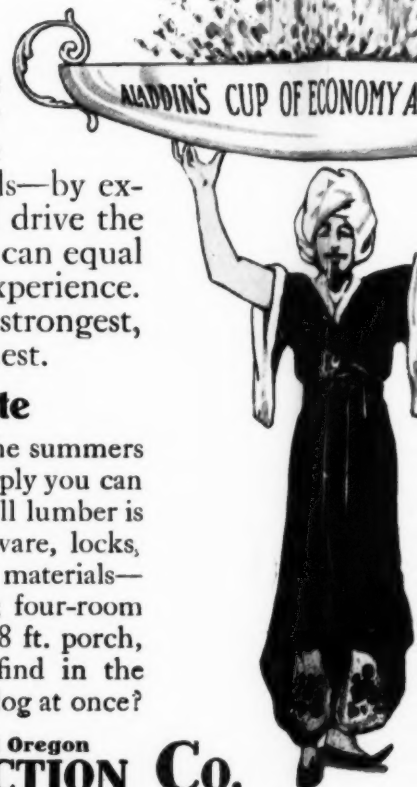
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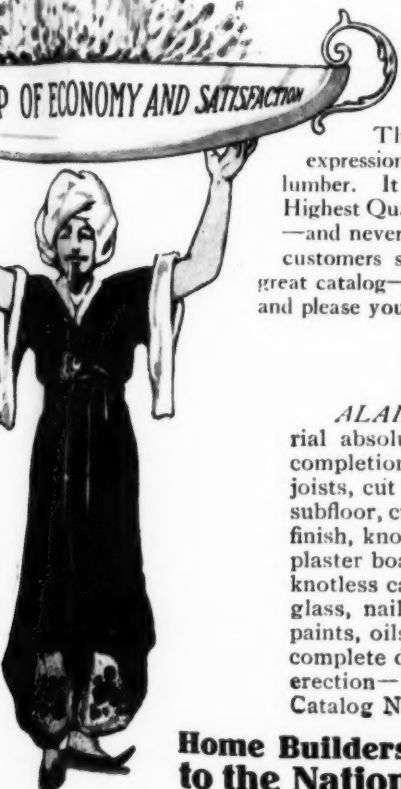
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THE DANGEROUS AGE

"Kitty was twenty-one—an age that has apparently taken the place once held by seventeen in the affections of romantic authors."—From a book review.

We picked them once at seventeen,
But now they're ripe at twenty-one;
The novel heroines, I mean,
Those dearest things beneath the sun.
At seventeen, their girlhood done,
Their old rag dollies cast away,
They took their "places in the sun,"
As heroines for Bertha Clay.

Those were the days "The Duchess" put
Across her ox-eyed heiress band;
And "Trilby," with her naked foot,
Competed with the "Hidden Hand."
We loved each fluffy fiction queen,
And deemed them very deftly done;
We picked them then at seventeen,
But now they're ripe at twenty-one.

And why this change? Are readers slow
In falling for the squab or wren
Of Fiction Row? Not so; oh, no!
But woman's rights have come since then.
Our heroine must have a bean
That's crowned with college laurels bright,
Can she have such at seventeen?
And echo answers us: "Not quite."

Some curves she can't acquire at sight
The present princess has to tote;
The ballot now is woman's right,
She must be old enough to vote!
She must be wise enough to glean
Some highballs and avoid a bun;
She can't do this at seventeen,
So authors say she's twenty-one.

* See "The Danger Mark," by R. W. Chambers.



Verses by C. L. EDSON

Decorations by RODNEY THOMSON

HIS PLACE IN THE HOME

Youth stood before Age, and did not bow his head; for he was Modern Youth. Still, he regarded Age not unkindly. He liked the old fellow. Besides, he was seeking a favor.

"Tell me, Father-in-Law," he said, "how long did it take you to fight it out?"

Age studied the ash at the tip of his cigar. He was not Crabbed Age, by any manner of means; and just then, in the depths of a big chair before his library fire, he looked very comfortable.

"Eh? Fight it out?" he repeated, doubtfully.

Youth nodded. "Sure! Bound to be a fight. Law, ain't it, man's master in his own house? And, if he's master, he's entitled to what's coming to him? But will he get it without fighting? No, sir!"

"Why, I thought you and Jennie were getting on famously," Age suggested mildly.

"We are—mostly. Only—" Youth hesitated;

"—only you and Mother-in-Law do the smoothest trotting I've ever seen in double harness. I dope it that's because you've fought it out to a finish, and asserted your rights."

"Er—er—rights? The term's a bit vague. Rights to what, may I ask?"

Youth's hands clenched; he frowned a bit darkly. "To space—space for my own things—space in my own house."

Age took the cigar from his mouth; he gazed at Youth sympathetically. "I know, I know!" he said. "I've been there."

"And you've won what you want!"

Age's gaze shifted to a point a little above Youth's head. "Oh, I get along—I manage."

Youth bent toward him. "Listen! I'll tell you how we began, Jennie and I—equal partners in everything. There were two closets in our room, just alike. Each took one."

"Precisely."

"I stowed my clothes in mine; Jennie took hers. In a month I found my hangers shoved over to one end. Jennie was running an overflow exhibit of skirts at the other end. I let that pass. Didn't want to do the dog-in-the-manger act. In another month there wasn't a rag of mine left in that closet!"

Age blew out a great volume of smoke—contemplative smoke. From its cover he spoke to waiting youth. "Attic, maybe?"

Youth gave a start of surprise. "Then Jennie told you?"

"No; she didn't," said Age, simply.

A moment Youth paused. "The drawers in the dresser came next," he said, at last. "I'd started in with three. I shrank to two; then to



one. Then I found myself moved to a spare bureau in the bathroom—began with all of it. I've got sort of an equity in one drawer left—in most of one that is."

"U-m-m!" Age was non-committal.

Youth brightened briefly. "And I've an annex, as you might say, for dress-shirts in the guest-room. Still—" his gloom returned, "—still, that's the record as of two days ago, you understand. And—the annex seemed to be contracting then. So I've made my stand. I've put my foot down. I've served notice. I won't be crowded out of my own house. I want to have a place where I can put

"And what did Jennie say when you told her that?"

Youth rubbed his chin. "She? She didn't say anything. She laughed."

"Oh!" breathed Age.

"Come, now, Father-in-Law!" cried Youth impetuously. "I'm making the high sign. As man to man, give me the helping hand! You fought the fight and won. You've got a place somewhere you can call your own. Tell me about it! Tell me how you got it!"

For a space Age peered hard at Youth. Then he stood up.

"It's true," he said. I fought and I—I've got a place I call my own. I'll show you."

They passed from library to hall. The front stairs rose with a right-angled turn. Beneath the landing was a door, not three feet high. So inconspicuous was the door, that Youth, well as he knew the house, never before had noticed it. It was a very small door, indeed.

Age dropped to his knees. He tugged at the knob of the little door.

"There's quite a lot of room inside—more than you'd think," he explained. "Runs back—with a bend—quite a long way. And when you get the combination, it's not so very awkward squirming in, you know. And—er—er—it's all mine, granted to me in perpetuity, on surrender of all other claims. Great comfort—oh, yes! Fine to have a nook all to yourself. You'll find it so, when you get around to your deal with Jennie. But confound that latch! Darn the way it sticks!"

The door was obdurate. Age threw his weight into a vigorous tug. The door opened suddenly; there shot forth, as if relieved from compression—

One lace hat, deeply dented.

One sewing basket.

One dollar umbrella (on retired list).

One wicker case, containing thermos bottles.

One silk parasol.

One woman's cape.

One pink knit woolen muffler.

Age looked over his shoulder at Youth. "It's my own place, of course, but I can't be greedy about it," he said apologetically. "Of course, if other people want to put in things—why, you see how it is, don't you?"

"I—I don't!" Youth tried to speak firmly, but the effort was not convincing.

Age arose. He laid a comforting hand on Youth's arm. "Oh, you'll learn—you'll see—all in good time" quoth he. "Some day the discovery will burst upon you that the only way to live with 'em is to let 'em have what they want."



THE FAUN IN THE FOREST

PHOTO BY CLARENCE H. WHITE

things—golf sticks, a sweater, overshoes, my raincoat, all sorts of things—where I can put 'em, and where I can find 'em again. And I want it all to myself. That's my ultimatum!"

"To be sure, to be sure," Age agreed with his curious mildness.

"I told Jennie I'd do as you'd done."

Age betrayed symptoms of new interest.

GERTIE GOLIGHTLY—WANTED AT THE 'PHONE!

Written and Illustrated (from Clay Models) by HELENA SMITH-DAYTON

Since luncheon, Gertie Golightly, between 'phone calls, had shampooed her hair, cold-creamed her face, manicured her nails, written a letter to her mother, who was on the road demonstrating hair-wavers in department-stores, put a record on her phonograph and stopped it in the most lilting part, tried to read, and was now restlessly pacing her small room.

"Gertie Golightly—wanted at the 'phone!" called Mrs. Canary from the first floor.

Gertie flew down the stairs, past Mrs. Cribbage's open door.

"That girl is certainly on the go all the time!" criticized Mrs. Cribbage to Mrs. Binney. "Did you hear the racket that taxicab made last night when she came home about twelve o'clock? It woke me up—"

Miss Golightly was still being discussed when she came slowly up the stairs.

"Come on in," invited Mrs. Cribbage. "Was that the message you have been expecting all day?" she inquired, as Gertie entered and drooped into the nearest chair.

"No-o," Gertie admitted. "False alarm." "Still, it is nice to be young and popular and get lots of invitations—even if it hain't the right one," consoled Mrs. Cribbage.

"I've turned down several for this evening," confided Gertie, "but I'd rather stay home than go out with someone who bored me to death!"

"Gertie Golightly—wanted at the 'phone!" again came Mrs. Canary's familiar call.

Gertie hurled herself out of the room.

"She's gone on someone at last!" observed Mrs. Binney. "I wonder who it is?"

"Probably no one we've ever seen," decided Mrs. Cribbage. "Some feller she's met out somewhere, and thought she'd made a hit with, and she's been waiting to have him call her up; and so far it looks like he hadn't."

Returning from the 'phone, Miss Golightly went directly up to her own room.

"Wrong one again!" chuckled Mrs. Cribbage. "If he'd been the right one, she'd stopped in to tell, all smiles."

Later, at the dinner table, Gertie Golightly was unresponsive to even Dave Hemisphere's usual pleasantries. Once when the telephone rang, Gertie jumped up saying: "I'm sure it's

for me!" But it wasn't. The message was for Mrs. Ketcham, the attractive widow. Gertie avoided the knowing glance that she felt Mrs. Binney and Mrs. Cribbage sent in her direction.

During the salad course, however, Gertie was "wanted at the 'phone." When she returned to her place, she threw a malicious little smile at her two confidantes as she informed them that she was going to the theatre, after all.

As the boarders filed out of the dining-room, Mrs. Canary made her inevitable wistful plea: "Won't you all come into the parlor and sit awhile?" Tonight Mrs. Binney and Mrs. Cribbage did not make the usual thin excuses, but, exchanging a glance, walked into the "front room" and took positions at the bay window.

"I think it's real pleasant to sit here and look out," beamed the flattered landlady.

A few moments later, a taxi stopped in front of the house and the occupants of the window chairs leaned forward, nudging each other as a short, stout man alighted. The bell rang. Gertie rushed down the stairs before Agnes had an opportunity to answer the door, whirled out, entered the taxi and was away.

Just as Mrs. Cribbage and Mrs. Binney were paving the way to desert their hostess, Mrs. Canary was called to the basement.

"Huh!" sniffed Mrs. Cribbage to Mrs. Binney, "it was only that real-estate man. She don't care a rap about him!"

"There's the 'phone ringing!" exclaimed Mrs. Binney. "As Mrs. Canary is downstairs we better answer it!"

"You do the talking," said Mrs. Cribbage, "you can hear better than I can."

"Hello!" began Mrs. Binney. "Yes, this is Mrs. Canary's . . . Miss Gertie Golightly? . . . Why, she left just a short time ago for the theatre. Any message? . . . Yes . . . No . . . All right . . . I didn't quite get the name . . . What? . . . Oh, would you mind spelling it? . . . Tupperton? . . . All right! . . . Yes, I'll tell her. Good-bye."

"What'd he say?" demanded Mrs. Cribbage at Mrs. Binney's elbow, as she hung up the receiver.

"Why, he said," began Mrs. Binney, "that he tried to get her several times this afternoon and every time the line was busy. He has to leave town tonight at 12:30 and was sorry not to see her again. He doesn't know when he will be in town again. Poor Gertie, she'll be all broken up to miss him!"

"I should say so!" echoed Mrs. Cribbage. "I'm as sorry as can be for her. You know Gertie is an awfully good-hearted girl. Why, the last time I had a bad spell, she just couldn't do enough for me!"

"I wonder," mused Mrs. Binney, "if it wouldn't be a kindness to write a note about it and put it in her room. She might not want us to see how cut up she'll be to have missed seeing him."

"Now maybe you're right!" chimed in Mrs. Cribbage. "Girls are sensitive sometimes."

Having decided that a note was indeed the tactful procedure Mrs. Binney, assisted by Mrs. Cribbage's suggestions, penned a document that was designed to bring cheer to the broken heart of Miss Gertie Golightly. The missive was placed in a conspicuous position in that young woman's fussed-up little room on the top floor.

When Gertie entered she pounced upon the carefully worded lines and read them over several times. Then she crumpled right up on her bed and cried and cried and cried. But, in the midst of her tears, she sat up suddenly and her expression changed from woe to anger.

"I suppose!" she exclaimed bitterly, "that those two old cats downstairs were just tickled to death that I got stung! Darn boarding-houses! Darn telephones! Darn men!"



"It's nice to be young and popular and get lots of invitations"

Ruck

THE SEVEN ARTS

BY JAMES HUNEKER



A Synthesis of the Arts

Nothing new in all this talk about a fusion of the Seven Arts. It has been tried for centuries. Richard Wagner's attempt just grazed success, though the aesthetic principle at the base of his theory is eminently unsound. Pictures, sculpture, tone, acting, poetry, and the rest are to be found in the Wagnerian music-drama; but the very titles are significant—a hybrid art is there. In Wagner music is the master. His poetry, his drama, are not so important, though his scenic sense is unerring. Every one of his works delights the eye; truly moving-pictures. Not many years ago Sadikichi Hartmann, the Japanese poet from Hamburg, made a bold attempt in this direction, adding to other ingredients of the sensuous stew, perfume. The affair came off at Carnegie Hall, and we were wafted on the wings of song and smell to Japan—only I detected the familiar odor of old shoes and the scent of armpits—of the latter Walt Whitman has sung triumphant praise. A New York audience is not as pleasant to the nostrils as a Japanese crowd. That Mr. Finck has assured us. In the "Theatre d'art," Paris, and in the last decade of the last century, experiments were made with all the arts—except the art of the palate. Recently, Madame Mary Hallock, a Philadelphia pianist, has invented a mixture of music, lights, and costumes; for instance, in a certain Debussy piece, the stage assumes a deep violet hue, which glides into a light purple. The Turkish March of Mozart is depicted in deep "reds, yellows, and greens." Philip Hale, the Boston music-critic, has written learnedly on the relation of tones and colors, and that astonishing poet, Arthur Rimbaud, in his "Alchimie du Verbe," tells us: "I believe in all the enchantments. I invented the color of the vowels: A, black; E, white; I, red; O, blue; U, green." This scheme he set forth in his famous sonnet: "Voyelles," which was as a mystification to set by the ears those credulous ones who fell into the trap. Many did. Rene de Ghil invented an entirely new system of prosody, which no one understood; least of all, the poet. I wrote a story, "The Piper of Dreams" (in "Melomaniacs"), to prove that music and the violet rays combined might prove deadly in the hands of an anarchy composer like Illowski—or Richard Strauss. And now New York has enjoyed its first "Light Symphony," by Alexander Scriabine, a few weeks ago. It was played by the Russian Symphony Orchestra under the suave conductorship of Modeste Altschuler (who is so Jacobean), while his brother Jacob (who is so modest) sat at the keyboard and pressed down the keys that regulated the various tintings on a screen; a wholly superfluous proceeding, as the colors did not mollify the truculence of the score; indeed, were quite meaningless, though not optically unpleasant. I admired this Russian, Scriabine, ever since I heard Josef Hofman play a piano of his etude in D sharp minor. Chopinesque, very, but a decided personality was also shown in it. I've heard few of his larger orchestral works. Nevertheless, I did not find "Prometheus" as difficult of comprehension as either Schoenberg or Ornstein. Judged purely on the scheme set by its composer, I confess I enjoyed its chaotic beauties and passionate twaddle, and, singular to relate, the music was best when it recalled Wagner and Chopin (a piano part occasionally sounded bilious premonitions of Chopin). But, for such a mighty theme as "Prometheus, the Light-Bringer" (a prehistoric Ben Franklin without his electrified kite), the leading motives of this new music were often undersized. The dissociation of conventional keys was rigorously practised, and at times we were in the profoundest gulfs of cacophony. But the scoring evoked many novel effects; principally, Berlioz and vodka. I still think Scriabine a remarkable composer, if not much addicted to the languishing Lydian mode. But his Light Symphony proved to be only a partial solution of the problem.

The Real Thing

A quarter of a century ago I visited the "Theatre d'art," in Paris; that is, my astral soul did, for in those times I was a conformed theosophist. The day had been a stupid one in Gotham, and I hadn't enough temperament to light a cigarette, so I simply pressed the nomenclature button, took my Rig-Veda—a sacred buggy—projected my astral being, and sailed through space to the French capital, there to enjoy a bath in the new art, or synthesis of the arts,

eating included. As it was a first performance, even the police were deprived of their press-tickets, and the deepest mystery was maintained by the experimenters. I found the theatre, soon after my arrival, plunged into an orange gloom, punctured by tiny balls of violet light, which daintily and intermittently blinked. The dominant odor of the atmosphere was Cologne-water, with a florid counterpoint that recalled bacon and eggs, a melange that appealed to my nostrils; and, though at first it seems hardly possible that the two dissimilar odors could even be made to

modulate and merge, yet I had not been indoors ten minutes before the subtlety of the duet was apparent. Bacon has a delicious smell, and, like a freshly-cut lemon, it causes a premonitory tickling of the palate and little rills of hunger in one's stomach. "Aha!" I cried (astrally, of course), "this is a concatenation of the senses never dreamed of by Plato when he conceived the plan of his Republic."

The languid lisp of those assembled in the theatre drifted *Hush!* into little sighs, and then a low, long drawn-out chord in B flat minor, scored for octoroons, octupuses, shofars, tympani, and piccolo, sounded. Immediately a chorus of male soprani blended with this chord, though they sang the common chord of A major. The effect was one of vividity (we say "avidity," why can't we say "vividity"?); it was a dissonance, pianissimo, and it jarred my ears in a way that made their drums warble. Then a low burbling sound ascended. "The bacon frying," I cried, but I was mistaken. It was caused by the hissing of a sheet of carmillon (that is carmine and vermilion) smoke which slowly uprased on the stage; as it melted away the lights in the auditorium turned green and topaz, and an odor of jasmine and stewed tomatoes encircled us. My immediate neighbors seemed to be swooning; they were nearly prostrate, with their lips glued to the rod that ran around the seats. I grasped it, and received a most delicious thrill, probably electrical in origin, though it was velvety pleasure merely to touch it, and the palms of my hands exquisitely ached. "The tactile motive," I said. As I touched the rod I noted a small mouthpiece, and thinking I might hear something, I applied my ear; it instantly became wet. So evidently it was not the use to which it should be put. Again inspecting this mouthpiece, I put my finger to it and cautiously raised the moist end to my lips. "Heavenly!" I murmured. What sort of an earthly paradise was I in? And then losing no time, I placed my astral lips to the orifice, and took a long pull. Gorgeous was the result. Gumbo soup, as sure as I ever ate it, not your pusillanimous New York variety, but the genuine okra soup that one can't find outside of Louisiana, where old negro mammies used to make it to perfection. "The soup motive," I exclaimed.

Just as I gurgled the gumbo nocturne down my *On the Stage* thirsty throat, a shrill burst of brazen clangor (this is not tautological) from the orchestra roused me from my dream, and I gazed on the stage. The steam had cleared away, and now showed a rocky and wooded scene, the trees sky-blue, the rocks a Nile-green. The band was playing something that sounded like a strabismic version of the prelude to "Tristan." But strange odor-harmonies disturbed my enjoyment of the music, for so subtly allied were the senses in this new temple of art that a separate smell, taste, touch, vision, or sound jarred the ensemble. This uncanny interfusion of the arts took my breath away, but, full of gumbo soup as I was—and you have no idea how soup discommodates the astral stomach—I was anchored to my seat, and bravely determined not to leave till I had some clue to the riddle of the new evangel of the seven—or seventeen—arts. The stage remained bare, though the rocks, trees, and shrubbery changed their hues about every twenty seconds. At last, as a blazing color hit my tired eyeballs, and when the odor had shifted to decayed fish, dried grape-fruit, and "new-mown hay," I could stand it no longer, and, turning to my neighbor, I tapped him on the shoulder, and politely asked: "Monsieur, will you please tell me the title of this play, piece, drama, morceau, stueck, sonata, odor, picture, symphony, cooking-comedy, or whatever they call it?" The young man

(Continued on page 22)



FAMILY AFFAIRS

"The Colonel's lady and Mrs. O'Grady
Are sisters under their skin."—Kipling.

By KEBLE HOWARD



I—The Colonel

HIS LADY: You'll find your thickest vests, dear, at the top of the big trunk.

THE COLONEL: Thanks, old lady.

HIS LADY: And the thick pants and socks are just underneath.

THE COLONEL: Right you are.

HIS LADY: I hope they won't get lost, but in case they do I shall send on a fresh set in about six weeks' time.

THE COLONEL: That'll be splendid.

HIS LADY: You'll find a large bottle of your tonic in your suit-case. You *will* take it regularly, won't you, dear? Doctor Nisbet seems to think it's done you so much good.

THE COLONEL: I'll take every drop of it.

HIS LADY: That's a good boy. And don't stay longer than you can help in those wretched trenches, if they're as damp as they say. It's all very well for the younger men, but you know you can't stand damp.

THE COLONEL: I'll hop out directly I begin to sneeze.

HIS LADY: It's sure to be bitterly cold in the Channel. You won't stay on deck unless it's absolutely necessary, will you?

THE COLONEL: Not I! I shall make a bee-line for the smoke-room and never leave it.

HIS LADY: That's right. All your khaki handkerchiefs are carefully marked. Have you got one with you?

THE COLONEL: Here we are—one of the swagger silk fellers!

HIS LADY: That's good. Is that the taxi?

THE COLONEL: Not yet. It won't be here for five minutes yet.

HIS LADY: Write as soon as you can; but, of course, I shan't mind if I don't hear.

THE COLONEL: Come, I like that!

HIS LADY: Well, you know what I mean. I shall understand that you were frightfully busy.

THE COLONEL: Bless you!

HIS LADY: Is that the taxi?

THE COLONEL: Not yet. He's due in three minutes.

HIS LADY: I think I'll say good-bye now, darling. I want to be quite myself when I come to the front door.

THE COLONEL: Of course you'll be quite yourself! Good-bye, old lady!

HIS LADY: Good-bye, my darling! God take care of you—and—bring you—bring you—

THE COLONEL: Now! You know what you promised! Here's the taxi.

HIS LADY: Yes, I know—I'm all right—Don't worry about me—You've got a lovely morning for your journey, haven't you?

II—The Subaltern

THE SUBALTERN: Awfully decent of you to turn up at the train, old thing!

HIS PHYLLIS: Catch me missing it! I love the bustle of it all!

THE SUBALTERN: Is that all you came for?

HIS PHYLLIS: What else should I come for?

THE SUBALTERN: I dunno. Thought p'r'aps you wanted to have a last squint at me.

HIS PHYLLIS: You mustn't be so frightfully conceited.

THE SUBALTERN: Well, didn't you?

HIS PHYLLIS: Don't think I shall tell you.

THE SUBALTERN: Why not?

HIS PHYLLIS: Not good for little boys to be told too many things.

THE SUBALTERN: Oh, but hang it! We've only got about five minutes! You might come off your perch for once in a way.

HIS PHYLLIS: I think I am off it.

THE SUBALTERN: I don't.



"I say! Do you think I might?"

HIS PHYLLIS: Don't you? You must be very dense.

THE SUBALTERN: That's what you're always saying.

HIS PHYLLIS: Well, when a girl gets out of her warm couch at seven o'clock in the morning, and stands half-an-hour on an icy platform—

THE SUBALTERN: Because she likes the bustle of it all.

HIS PHYLLIS: It doesn't seem to occur to you that this isn't the only troop-train that's left London since the war began.

THE SUBALTERN: Is this the only one you've seen off?

HIS PHYLLIS: No. I saw one off six weeks ago.

THE SUBALTERN: Oh—Who was that?

HIS PHYLLIS: Tom.

THE SUBALTERN: Your brother? Oh, I don't mind him!

HIS PHYLLIS: Thanks frightfully!

THE SUBALTERN: Is that the only one bar this?

HIS PHYLLIS: I think so—You'd better get in. They're shutting the doors.

THE SUBALTERN: I say! D'you think I might—I mean to say, would you mind? I'd be awfully quick!

HIS PHYLLIS: I don't know what you're talking about. Bye-bye.

THE SUBALTERN: I know it's rotten bad form in public, but, in a way, you know, it's a special occasion, and—

HIS PHYLLIS: Be quick, then! (The train moves.)

THE SUBALTERN: I say!

HIS PHYLLIS: Mind your head!

THE SUBALTERN: No, but, I say, this is awfully important! If I come through this all right, will you? You know?

HIS PHYLLIS: Bless the boy! Will I what?

THE SUBALTERN: You know—fix things up—two-seater! Eh? Will you, old Phil?

HIS PHYLLIS: (Nods.)

THE SUBALTERN: Goodegg!!

III—Tommy Atkins

PRIVATE ATKINS: 'Ave another?

HIS LIZ: Thanks, I've 'ad enough.

PRIVATE ATKINS: Not fer luck?

HIS LIZ: Oh, well, then—

PRIVATE ATKINS: A small port, miss, and mine's a bitter! 'Ere's a last kind love, ole gal!

HIS LIZ: 'Ere's to yer! Don't yew go an' forget that 'elmet as yew promised ter fetch 'ome fer me! I'm countin' on that, mind, fer over the mantelshelf in the drorin'-room.

PRIVATE ATKINS: 'Elmet? Love yer, you can 'ave as many blinkin' 'elmets as yer fancies! An' swords! An' rifles! You leave it ter me! I'll 'ave a blinkin' British Museum be the time I've done with 'em!

HIS LIZ: And not too much larkin' 'round with them bloomin' French gels, yer know! I've 'eard something about them! Mustard ain't the word for gay Paree be all accounts.

PRIVATE ATKINS: Don't you worry yerself about that. I ain't one o' that sort an' never was.

HIS LIZ: Oh, listen ter Mister Hinnercent! If I was ter put a lump o' fresh butter in yer mouth it 'ud freeze—I don't think!

(Continued on page 24)



AS THE CAR LURCHES

THE BIG ONE: That's right! Walk all over me!

HER FAMILY

Her mother treats me like a son,
Her aunt enjoys my style of joking;
Her father's thawed and has begun
To lend me books and borrow smoking.

Her brother is a friend of mine
Who's always glad indeed to meet me;
Her toddling sister thinks I'm fine
And always has a kiss to greet me.

The dog's o'erjoyed when'er I call
And makes me romp and will not spare me.
There's just one drawback to it all:
I know the girl herself can't bear me.

THE ADVENTURE SERIAL

(Synopsis of preceding chapters: Hamsworth Stiddles, a retired pirate, dies and leaves his nephew, Larribee Stiddles, a map of the Pink Sea on which is indicated the exact spot where, forty years before, a treasure chest crammed with diamonds had slipped over the rail of the Saturnine Roger and been swallowed by an enormous whale. The whale, sighted later, was identified by a triangular scar on its forehead, made by a ship's ink-well thrown by the pirates' stenographer. Young Larribee rigs up an adventure ship, and, with a gay and intrepid crew of former schoolmates, sets out on the quest. After many thrilling battles with man-eating snooters and blood-gargling sea winkuses in adjacent waters, and other adventures of one kind or another, and sometimes both, the Merely Mary Ann cruises into the Pink Sea. The first whale sighted has a great triangular scar on its forehead. It is captured after an exciting chase, chloroformed and split open from stem to stern on the deck. There proves to be nothing inside but an old-style mechanical piano with most of the keys missing, and a few music rolls. Suddenly the man on watch shouts: "They blow!" and the rest of the crew, raising their eyes, encounter a strange sight.)

CHAPTER 654

The ship was surrounded by whales, each with a triangular scar on its forehead. In forty years the swallower of the treasure chest had reared an enormous family, each member of which inherited the mark of the ink-well!

(THE END)

BROAD EFFECTS

"That new designer runs mainly to large checks," said the head of the woolen mills. "His effects are rather broad for men's clothing."

"Yes," assented the junior partner. "I rather suspect he previously worked for a linoleum factory."

"My first prediction is that a moving-picture will be made within three or four years for which the entrance money will be five and six dollars a seat. It is easy to predict that."

—D. W. Griffith.

A five-dollar movie seat means a six-dollar speculator, and a six-dollar speculator is the advance agent of an empty house. Ask the gentlemen who assassinated the goose that laid the golden theatrical egg.



The Agency of a United People

A striking comparison between a homogeneous country and a heterogeneous group of countries is obtained by placing over the map of the United States the map of Europe. These represent the same area—about 3,000,000 square miles—if a few of the remote provinces of Russia are omitted.

Europe has the advantage in population, with more than four times as many people as the United States; in the number of large cities, with two and a half times as many cities of over 100,000 population.

Yet the United States, a comparatively young country, has outstripped Europe in the diffusion of civilization, because of its wonderfully greater means of communication between all parts of its area. The United States not only excels in transportation facilities, but it has nearly three times as many telephones as Europe, or about eleven times as many in relation to population.

By the completion of the Transcontinental Line we now talk from one end of this country to the other, while in Europe the longest conversation is no farther than from New York to Atlanta, and even that depends on the imperfect co-operation of unrelated systems.

Europe, with twenty-five countries and many different languages, serves as an illuminating contrast to the United States, with one language and a homogeneous people, despite the fact that our population has been derived from all parts of the world.

During the last forty years the steadily extending lines of the Bell System have contributed in no small measure to this amalgamating of different races.

The latest achievement—the linking of coast to coast—has given greater force to the national motto, "E Pluribus Unum."

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(Continued from page 19)

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THE NATURAL LAW

By Charles Sumner

to whom I had appealed looked fearfully about him—I had foolishly forgotten that I was invisible to him in my astral shape—then clutched at his windpipe, beat his silly skull, and screamed aloud: "Mon Dieu! still another kind of aural pleasure," and was carried out in a superbly vertiginous fit. Fright had made him mad. The spectators were too absorbed, or drugged, to pay attention to the incident. Followed a slow, putrid silence.

The Odor
Symphony

Realizing the folly of addressing humans in my astral garb, I sat down in my corner and again watched the stage. Still no trace of actors. The scenery had faded into a dullish dun hue, while the orchestra played a Bach fugue for oboe, lamp-post (transposed to E flat and two policemen) accordions in F and stopped strumpets. Suddenly the lights went out, and we were plunged into a blackness that actually pinched the sight, so drear, void, and dead was it. A smell of garlic made us cough, and by a sweep of some current we were saturated with the odors of white violets, the lights were tuned in three keys: yellow of eggs, marron glace, and orchids, and the soup supply shifted to whisky sours. "How delicate these contrasts!" hiccupped my neighbor, and I astrally acquiesced. Then, at last, the stage became peopled by one person, a very tall old man with three eyes, high heels, and a deep voice. Brandishing aloft his whiskers, he curiously muttered: "And hast thou slain the Jabberwock? Come to my arms my beamish boy." "Alice in Wonderland," was the mystery play, and I had arrived too late to witness the slaying of the monster in its many-buttoned waistcoat. How gallantly the "beamish boy" must have dealt the death stroke to the queer brute as the orchestra sounded the Siegfried and the Dragon motives, and the air all the while redolent with hellotrope. I couldn't help wondering what the particular potage was at that crucial moment. My cogitation was interrupted by the appearance of a gallant-appearing young knight in luminous armor, who dragged after him a huge carcass, half dragon and two-thirds pig (the other three-thirds must have been suffering from stage-fright). The orchestra proclaimed the Abattoir motive, and instantly rose-odors penetrated the air, the electric shocks ceased, and subtle little kicks were administered to the audience, which, by this time, was well-nigh swooning with these composite pleasures. The scenery had begun to dance gravely to an odd Russian rhythm, and the young hero monotonously intoned a verse, making the vowel sounds sizzle with his teeth, and almost swallowing the consonants: "And as in uffish thought he stood, the Jabberwock, with eyes of flame, came whiffling through the tulgy wood, and burbled as it came." "That beats Gertrude Stein," I thought, as the orchestra played the Galumphing motive from The Ride of the Valkyrs, and the lights were transposed to a shivering purple. Then lilac steam ascended, the orchestra gasped in C-D flat major (for corno di basetto and three yelping poodles), a smell of cigarettes and coffee permeated the atmosphere, and I knew that this magical banquet of the senses was concluded. I was not sorry, as every nerve was sore from the strain imposed. Talk about faculty of attention! When you are forced to taste, see, hear, touch, and smell simultaneously, then you yearn for a less alembicated art. Synthesis of the arts! Synthesis of rubbish! One at a time, and not too much time at that. I pressed my astral button, and flew homeward, wearily, slowly; I was full of soup and tone, and my ears and nostrils quivered from exhaustion. When I landed at the Battery it was exactly five o'clock. It had stopped snowing, and an angry sun was preparing to bathe for the night in the wet of the western sky. New Jersey was etched against a cold hard background, and as an old hand-organ struck up "It's a Long, Long Way to Petrograd," I threw my cap in the air and joined in (astrally, but joyfully) the group of ragged children who danced around the venerable organist with jeers and shouting. After all, life is greater than the Seven Arts.

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On the Other Hand—

(Continued from page 8)

ascendency of Woodrow Wilson has prevented the farmer from reaping the full and just profits of his labor. There is no reason why wheat, under a really efficient administration, should not have gone up to two dollars a bushel (Borah and Johnson). At the same time the workers of the great industrial centres of the East have been compelled to face the prospect of a six-cent loaf (Perkins and Barnes).

THE TARIFF

He has foisted upon the country an iniquitous tariff law which (1) has brought the country to the verge of bankruptcy through the disappearance of our flourishing import trade and consequently of customs dues (Roosevelt, Johnson, and Joe Cannon), and (2) the crippling of our industries through the inrush of foreign manufactures (Penrose, Borah, and others). If it be argued that there has been no such influx of foreign goods because European pauper labor is now engaged in the exclusive manufacture of widows and orphans for home consumption, we retort that upon Woodrow Wilson rests the heavy responsibility of explaining what is the matter with the tariff. That there is trouble somewhere is an axiom to which we all subscribe.

Signed: T. Roosevelt; B. Penrose; J. Cannon; G. Pinchot; E. Root; G. Perkins; W. Barnes; H. Johnson.

Addendum: I have read the foregoing statement and have found in it unqualified enjoyment from beginning to end.—W. H. Taft.

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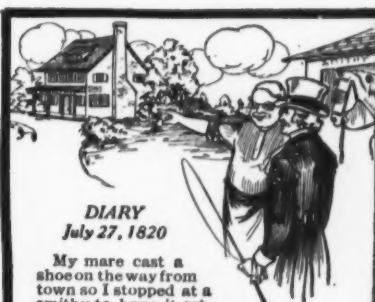
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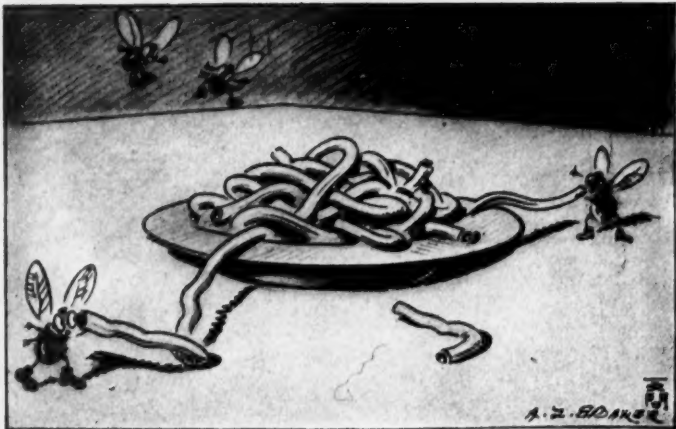


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Family Affairs

(Continued from page 20)

PRIVATE ATKINS: I don't set up ter be no saint, but when a man's got a nice little gal waitin' for 'im at 'ome, wot I sez is—

HIS LIZ: Bless the man, I never meant nothing! What 'ave yer done with that cigaw I give yer?

PRIVATE ATKINS: Oh, that? That's in a safe place, that is.

HIS LIZ: Ain't yer goin' ter smoke it? I should like ter see yer goin' orf like a bloomin' officer.

PRIVATE ATKINS: I thought I'd keep it fer the boat, see?

HIS LIZ: Oh, well, suit yerself. Send me a postcard, time an' agen.

PRIVATE ATKINS: You bet.

THE SERGEANT: Fall in, men.

HIS LIZ: Well, time's up. Be good.

PRIVATE ATKINS: Good-bye, Liz. (They embrace, frankly.) If yer see the old lady, tell 'er I went orf game, see?

HIS LIZ: Yes, dear.

THE SERGEANT: Fall in, men! Double up!

MIRACULOUS

"Do you believe in the old saying that there is nothing new under the sun?"

"I used to, but yesterday I read of a man who accidentally cut himself with his lodge sword."

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